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THE BOOM OF THE GUN UPON SUMTER THAT CAUSED A MILLION
HEARTS TO SICKEN

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IN THE HILLS

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POEMS

BY

THEODORE MARBURG

ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

J. LE BLANT



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
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Theodore Marburg



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IN THE HILLS

*PERUGIA

I

ON thy hilltop, bold Perugia, with the
 shadows flying o'er
All the tangled vine and olive lying round thy
 ancient door,

Circled by thy ring of mountains capped with
 cloud or winter snow
Thou dost gaze in contemplation on the
 happy fields below.

From the uplands frank and fearless, free
 their secrets to disclose,
From the uplands thy soul borrows constancy
 and deep repose.

* Printed in *The Independent*, April, 1915.

PERUGIA

Far beneath thee flows the Tiber singing of
the ancient deed,
How it washed the Pagan temple ere the birth
of Christian creed.

What the hawk sees and the eagle thou dost
see on soaring wing
Drinking deep the glow of Autumn or the
freshness of the Spring.

Waked by early beam of morning, cooled by
grateful breeze of noon,
To thy glowing cheek and forehead evening
comes but all too soon:

Evening that doth bring thee memories,
mirrored in thy softened eye
Half unmindful of the glories fading from the
western sky;

Memories of thy rude beginnings, older than
the Roman sway,
When thy bold chiefs swept the valley, red
and ruthless birds of prey;

PERUGIA

Memories of the Middle Ages—when again
rough might made right—
Of thy freedom stoutly guarded on the cas-
telled height;

How, when gentler manners triumphed, thou
didst turn thy thoughts to art,
Playing in that great awakening not a mean
nor trivial part.

For thy Perugino labored in a deep religious
mood,
Passing on the spark of purpose to his youth-
ful painter brood.

And among them stood the Raphael, caught
the master's fire and skill,
Saw the visions that were destined all the
after years to fill.

In the Raphael all the master had imparted—
truth and worth,
Tenderness, religious motive—blazed in
heightened beauty forth.

PERUGIA

Men still study him and love him in all lands
 where art hath place.
So dost thou, his teacher, linger in the
 memory of the race.

II

Yonder gleaming on the hillside sits Assisi old
 and grey,
Still the shadow and the sunshine on its lofty
 spire at play.

Seems the order Francis founded seven cen-
 turies ago
Stable as the rock he sleeps on in the mystic
 crypt below.

Stripped of miracle and legend, type he rests
 so clean and brave,
Little fearful of the present, nothing fearing
 of the grave.

Yes, ascetic, e'en fanatic term him if you will
 today,
Yet how splendid is the figure who could lead
 the life and say:

PERUGIA

Without money and be poor, without pleasures and be chaste,
Under orders and obedient man must work
and if he waste

His poor body in the effort, even so, why, let
it be
Since man's character is building for a vast
eternity.

Each new generation knows him, knows his
war on greed and pelf,
Knows the positive upbuilding and the mastery
of self,

How he put aside his fortune, hand in hand
walked with the poor
Ministering to mind and body, bringing hope
to many a door.

In the spacious church above him, on the
arches broad and fair,
Angels wrought by young Giotto wing their
way through ambient air.

PERUGIA

Love of God and love of beauty, beauty of the
mind and soul,
Of the world of great performance, of the ever
distant goal:

This the love that guided painter, this the
love Assisi knew,
When they wrought with such devotion and
their splendid labors grew.

Painter, poet, priest or statesman, social
worker, humblest hind,
All who bring unto their labors conscience
and the constant mind

Swell a life-bestowing current ever broaden-
ing its span,
Pointing the transcendent glory of the spirit-
ual life of man.

As the butterfly that sunders shell of chrysalis
apart
So do we stand forth transfigured by philoso-
phy and art.

PERUGIA

III

From the time that human motive first began
its upward flight
When the mind of man still lingered darker
than the starless night

Dreams have come of life hereafter, nay, con-
viction that the pain
Of the earthly dust and travail surely have
not been in vain;

Lending richness to the present, stealing,
from the unknown, fear,
Making labor of the spirit, growth and cul-
ture all more dear;

Ever offering consolation in the bare and
sterile ways
Where uninteresting labor brings no hope of
better days.

In the far-off, lonely cabin and among the
city's throng
Lulled to sleep is human sorrow by that olden
cradle song.

PERUGIA

Yet we know not, yet we know not if the
cherished hope be true,
All pervading and enduring though its iri-
descent hue.

This we know: that man has purpose, God-
inspired but still his own,
Will to climb, to plan, to venture, will to
conquer the unknown,

Know the iron in his spirit holding him with
steady zeal
Faithful to the seen and unseen though they
break him on the wheel.

Human will made human history. Let man
take the praise and blame.
So will failure of his duty mantle still his
cheek with shame.

In the clash of human interests offer but one
prayer at night:
For the strength to do His bidding which is
strength to do the right.

PERUGIA

One fear only in his bosom : wholesome fear of
doing wrong—

'Tis the fear of God in substance making men
and nations strong—

Cheerful courage ever marking all the
progress of the day,

That which helps to send our neighbor sing-
ing on his upward way.

If His purpose be in all things, progress of the
race we hail

Through an ever growing conscience to a will
that shall prevail.

MOOD

ONLY the wildest music
 Struck from a passionate hand,
Only the storm in its fury
 Lashing the foam-flecked sand,

Only the tempest and whirlwind
 Thundering anthems deep
Far through the shuddering forest,
 Startling the night from its sleep,

Only the pulse of nature
 Beating in wild unrest,
Can match the void, the longing,
 The tumult of my breast.



ON THE SAD STORY, THE STORY THEY TELL

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1. 2 DIVIDED DUTY

OH, plateau the eagle's brood has known
What potent dead you hold!
In fear of God, in duty's light,
For country and for human right
On varied fields they fought the fight
And, while you claim their mould,

They live and will live through the years,
Though deaf to drum and fife,
For manly deeds are fertile seeds
That spring again to life.

¹ When the American civil war began there happened to be in the regular service a young officer whose home, with all that the word implies, was the South. There were many such. His story is but a type. Is it difficult to picture the struggle that came to them with the sense of a divided duty? This one, with the clearer vision which events have justified, felt that the higher duty was the preservation of the nation; but the thought of fighting against his kindred and the friends of his boyhood so preyed on his mind that he is believed to have courted the death which soon came to him.

When the element of fate enters, hurrying the just and

DIVIDED DUTY

What peace, what perfect peace broods o'er
The soldiers' burial-ground
Here in the heart of the silent hills
With Hudson flowing round.

A stately guard, these mighty hills,
Close crowding one another,
Gigantic Storm King locking arms
With Old Cro' Nest, his brother!

Their summits command to the North a range
Where a sleeping figure lies
Stretched on its back on the mountain tops
Against the changing skies.

the brave to a tragic end, the story must always excite our interest and sympathy.

At the battle of Val Verde in New Mexico, February 21, 1862, our hero met his death. The battery, of which, although a cavalry officer, he had been given command for the day, was overwhelmed by the Texans. He remained seated on one of the guns, defending himself until the enemy shot him down. They did him the honor to give his name to one of our forts and to take him back to West Point, to the quiet cemetery in the hills.

² Privately printed in Paris 1893, under title "In the Hills." Revised.

DIVIDED DUTY

There Rip Van Winkle, the children know,
Beheld with exceeding wonder
The queer little men whose ninepin balls
Create the summer thunder.

Down from the Donderberg scurried the
winds
That tossed the Dutch sailor of yore.
Down from the highlands the captains came
When trembled and strained a nation's frame,
When all the fair land was aflame,
Aflame with civil war.

Far in the South was the home of one
—'Twas there he had spent life's morn—
Where winds are soft and women are kind
And gentleness is born;

Where the grey moss waves from the great
live-oak
And the scarlet tanager flutters;
Where the mocking-bird, hid in the bamboo-
vine,
Its passionate melody utters.

DIVIDED DUTY

The boom of the gun upon Sumter that
caused
A million hearts to sicken,
That rolled o'er the land and grew as it
rolled
While a knell in the mother's breast was
toll'd
And city and meadow and mountain old
With the spirit of war were stricken,

Brought from the hills of the Hudson one
Whose home was the South, 'tis true,
But o'er him the flag of his fathers waved:
He marched in command of the blue.

Oh, the sad story, the story they tell,
The story of duty and death!
The comfort of heaven, the anguish of hell,
Surging with every breath!

Out from the North, the awakening North,
Came comrades whose step was light.
Ah! that was their home, and a mother's
prayer
Went with them into the fight.



OUT FROM THE NORTH, THE AWAKENING NORTH

DIVIDED DUTY

Measureless plains of the wide South-west
Ye shook 'neath the tread of men.
Nor winds of the prairie, though mighty they
be,
That fashioned your reaches like waves of the
sea,
Nor rush of the bison once roaming you
free
Have caused you to tremble as when
Through all the long day the sulphurous
smoke
Hung heavy over the field
And man from his brother the hand of God
Seemed powerless to shield.

The battle is lost. What use to stay
When his men are slain or fled!
Did anguish too great for the brave to bear
Bring longing to lie with the dead?

His battery silenced, on one of the guns
Alone he sat 'mid the rout,
Unmoved as the cliff that the ocean in
anger
Whirls its white surges about.

DIVIDED DUTY

A whirlwind of dust, a whirlwind of men,
A whirlwind of lead therefrom,
A vain pistol shot from the figure alone
And the coveted end had come.

What peace, what perfect peace broods now
O'er the beautiful burial-ground,
Up in the hills, the stately hills,
With the river flowing round.



HIS BATTERY SILENCED, ON ONE OF THE GUNS ALONE HE SAT
'MID THE ROUT

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A DAY AT SEA

I

WERE ever the waters so loved of the sun,
So tumbled and dyed in the hue of the
sky?

Did ever the sea such deep blue run
Or the breeze sing so in the shrouds on
high?

The light-winged stormy petrels glide
Close o'er the billows foaming crest,
Dropping anon in the hollows to hide,
Shaping air-waves with a glossy breast.

With prouder throb in our iron might
We part the waters that round us cling;
The waves are breaking in laughter white,
The day itself is a living thing.

II

The sun sinks blazing in the deep
Without a cloud to kiss good-night;
The waves have rocked the wind to sleep,
The weary petrel rests her flight.

A DAY AT SEA

The liquid blue is gone from the sea,
The sky fast loses its quiet red,
A star shines out in the West for me
And lo! The beautiful day is dead.

THE BATTLEFIELD LETTER

LIST the deep sound
Caught up by the echoes lurking round.
'Tis noise of the battle raging afar,
The terrible voice of terrible war.

Reporters pen
The scene of the fight, the number of men
Engaged yesterday in that awful fray,
The dead and the wounded carried away.

But who will report
The battlefield letter, earnest and short,
The dying soldier wrote with his blood
To a mother in her widowhood?

FRAGMENT

HER gleaming teeth recall the laughing sea
so fair,

The shimmer of the lake is in her rippling
hair.

Her eyes are pools—so dark, so deep—
That even at high noon their secrets keep.

FROM OUT THE SHADOW OF THE WAR

NEVER since the tireless wings of time
were first unfurled
Has such a flood of sorrow drowned the glad-
ness of the world.

As swift cloud-shadows fleeing o'er the white
sands by the sea
Oft merge to blot the speeding sunlit patch
entirely
So sorrow has o'ertaken sorrow, shadowing
each morrow
Till it fades in deeper night of human misery.
Nature's kindly hand will cover o'er the
scars of earth
And to the young new interests and time will
bring rebirth
Of purpose and of hope. But, ah, the mil-
lions gathered in!
The loneliness and heartache where their
darling feet have been!

FROM THE SHADOW OF THE WAR

They who came so eager-hearted,
They to whom life's witchery
Meant dream of high things yet to be,
The shining morn of joys newborn,
A mystic voyage still uncharted.

And these, less privileged though not less
brave and slow to yield
Mid test of soul as ample as is that of battle-
field:
The wife! The mother! They who found,
despite their dauntless air,
A welcome refuge in the grave from their
immense despair!
When gathered by the same relentless sweep
of that dread blade
They crowded through the portal dark as into
grateful shade,
What throngs they left behind, broken in
body or in mind,
Years of effort for and by them all in ashes
laid!
For them—something within has snapped—
our labors must be vain:
No human hands can gather up and bind the
strands again.

FROM THE SHADOW OF THE WAR

The iron entered in the soul. It seared and
burned away
Their confidence in fellow men, that stoutest
human stay.

Silent they bide in many a land
—A countless horde whose heavy tread
Proclaims that hope itself is dead—
And comprehend that to the end
They walk with sorrow hand in hand.

Nor earth's upheavals nor the frenzied ele-
ments e'er bring
Such disillusionment, despair and bitter sor-
rowing.

I

The young moon quivers on the breezy lake,
Too slender still to pale the lustrous stars;
High in the North the white aurora gleams
Above the distant campfires' golden bars.

My boat is dancing in the silver streak,
Silver drips from off the glistening oar;
The nightwind runs soft fingers through my
hair
And moans in the black shadows on the shore.

FROM THE SHADOW OF THE WAR

Palpitating beauty fills the earth,
The moving waters and the jewelled sky,
Rides on the wave to where the fragrant
 woods
Are pointing their dark fingers straight on
 high:

Beauty all-pervading in its sway,
Its white hand stretching outward from afar
To pale the lustre of the Milky Way
And guide the motion of the falling star,

Or, stooping low to touch my wakening pulse,
To quicken it to knowledge of the goal
Till all the beauty of the world is seen
As but the fitting setting of the soul.

Yon radiant girdle of the universe
—But silver mist, so infinite its height—
Yon glowing arrow cleaving the dark-blue,
Melting all too soon into the night,

Distil their beauty like refreshing rain,
So eager is my soul to drink it in,
Fair earth exhaling beauty back again
Through purple space its endless way to win.

FROM THE SHADOW OF THE WAR

II

Tonight the world is prodigal of beauty.
Or is it that my mind is tuned again
To know its silent rhythm as of yore
And vibrate to the long unheeded strain?

How vast, how elemental and how free
The liberal and deep-pulsing world to me
Leaning thus apart on its great heart!
How unconfined are thought and feeling here
Upon the bosom of the tossing mere
With barriers of time and space o'erthrown!
What sense of healing peace and heart's re-
lease
Before the summer nightwind lightly blown!

The throb of joyous life which I may share,
The wonder of the mother-earth so fair,
Wrapped round by its life-giving, heartening
sound
Of winds that have so many wayward moods;
The infinite variety in woods
Of myriad growth close by, or there again
Where shadows fly beneath a wind-blown sky
O'er reaches of the mountain and the plain:

FROM THE SHADOW OF THE WAR

All this, I know, will only be revealed
When night, thought-laden, its still course
 has run
And hails once more a busy, throbbing world
The warmth of the companionable sun.

Yet, is the star-strewn universe above
Shut out by day by that bright vault we love:
That dome, so opal pale where distant sail
And lustrous sky and shining waters meet;
So blue, so pure, so fathomless and sweet—
There, where snowy seabirds sweep along—
Directly overhead where cloud-wisps spread
And slowly melt away like dying song.

Aye, 'tis only in the lonely night
When depths on depths of starry ways invite
The flight of thought, to other worlds up-
 caught,
We comprehend the largeness of God's Plan:
How He has planted in the breast of man
That soul supreme o'er the material world,
With strength sublime to greater heights to
 climb
No matter though it oft be earthward hurled.

FROM THE SHADOW OF THE WAR

Under the stars the mind its oneness feels
With all that is, has been and is to be;
Th' immensity of space which night reveals
Brings to our side celestial company.

III

True, we are but as children led by the hand
Through a half-lighted realm a fitful hour
And 'tis not given us to understand
The Why and How. Still, somehow do we
know

There is a universal mind which, though
It is of Him, we yet can help to lift
To nobler governance and wider power.
And in that sacred, spirit-given gift
Of opportunity, what self-control,
What strengthening and steadying of soul!

IV

I sit alone in the forest glade
With ever-dancing light and shade
Flecking the forest floor.
From quivering shadows at my feet
The great trees rise the winds to greet
—To kingly height they soar—
Up and up till their green tops meet

FROM THE SHADOW OF THE WAR

Against an azure, cloudless sky
In swaying embrace as the breeze goes by
To play on the forest-walled shore:
A long, deliberate, measured sway
Sweeping the air in a stately way.

V

Ladylike, quakerlike, slender and clean
The stem of the silver-birch is seen
Gleaming the darksome pines between.
Its purity with joy is lit
Where the moving sunbeam gladdens it.
Sandal of moss the pale birch wears,
Emerald sandal her white foot bears
Her graceful, happy race to run,
Hiding and guarding it safe from the sun
Moist and cool till the day is done.
Rustles and gossips my aspen fair,
Dances with every vagrant air,
No passing wanderer ever denies.
The masculine pine but sways and sighs.
Yon radiant leaf that the sun shines through,
Yon luminous sky of purest blue
Offset by the pinebough's sombre hue
—Above where the trees seem loftier still
On the side of the sunlit forest hill—

FROM THE SHADOW OF THE WAR

The painter's brush can never portray
For the painter's pigment is but clay.
Though color be true, it cannot shine
With the vibrant sheen of the sun-kissed pine
Or the living light of the sky divine.

VI

Rocked like a skiff on a tossing sea,
From the utter height of the swaying tree
A leaf floats silently down to me,
Darting, tumbling, spinning around,
Down, down, till it sleeps on the ground.

VII

My heart, whose heavy gate of late
Has oft been closed,
My mind, so blind it could not find
Where peace reposed,
Now open wide to greet the tide
Of beauty surging at my side
Deep in the summer wood
Breathing quietude:
Beauty of motion, beauty of sound,
Beauty of color, above and around,
Rich, profound.

FROM THE SHADOW OF THE WAR

Oh God, how healing and how sweet!
My wounded soul has lingered at Thy feet
How long, how long for this!

Once more
From out the shadow of the war!

VIII

Lo, moving through the forest in her soft
white summer gown,
Her slim hands clasped behind her and her
sweet head bended down
While shifting rays on the woodland path are
weaving her a crown,

Comes one to sit beside me, gently share my
mood and thought
And fashion my idle fancies with a thread
of gold inwrought.

Like sunlight pale on emerald shoulder of the
distant hill,
Like sound of waters 'neath the earth where
flows the hidden rill,

FROM THE SHADOW OF THE WAR

Like murmur of the winds that rise in forests
far away,

Like first faint blush that gilds the sky to
herald coming day,

So lovely are the crowding thoughts that glow
in her dark eyes

E'er yet her lips have framed the words that
from the warm heart rise.

Her presence is the south-wind as it kisses
cheek and brow

And sweeps across the heartstrings whence
æolian murmurs flow.

It bends a bow of promise gainst the leaden
clouds of care,

Benign as the summer rainbow wont to linger
in the air

When the eyelids of the meadow are fringed
with glistening tears

And the hour so wild, like a comforted child,
swift laughs away its fears:

The promise of shadow lifted from the path
of coming years.

FROM THE SHADOW OF THE WAR

IX

Out of the wreckage of the blast,
Out of the dead hopes of the past
Is all this beauty born:
The fungus on the fallen tree,
The flower smiling up at me,
Fern and lichen and berry red
And giant beech whose towering head
Is first to greet the morn.

X

Transition, then, not death we know
As through the cycles onward flow
Man's purpose and God's great design
Strangely changing gross to fine;
Passing through the finger tips
The spark that makes the sleeping lips
Of the inanimate to move
With longing, high desire and love
And aspiration.

So shall man's will once more rebuild.
So shall the blood so freely spilled
To put the wholesome fear of God
In lawless hearts bring as reward

FROM THE SHADOW OF THE WAR

A world law-governed, justice-led,
Brute force o'erthrown and in its stead
The sway of reason and goodwill
To bid the cry for blood be still
When nation strives with nation.

ONE WHO LIVED BY AVON

TRUTH so clothed as he has clothed it
In imagination wild
Holds the multitude in bondage
As a rainbow holds a child.

Wide the glance and deeply searching
Of that wondrous sweeping eye:
Though man's motives be unnumbered
Few have passed unnoticed by.

Like the welling up of waters
Bubbling through the dancing sand
Comes the play of wit and fancy
Driving swift the writer's hand.

From the mind-cloud charged with lightning
Leaps the fiery thought away
Laying bare the darker passions
Seeking fatal mastery.

ONE WHO LIVED BY AVON

In such mood the ancient prophet
 Standing on the mountain brow
Saw the light of distant ages,
 Uttered truths we cherish now.

Can ye tell us, poets, sages,
 Whence the flow of mystic thought,
Whence the crystal, sparkling water
 Bubbling at our feet unsought?

Wonderful unto the songster
 Seem its young on swaying limb;
Oft the children of man's fancy
 Are as wonderful to him.

NORTHERN LIGHTS

O'H, see the trembling light
That pales the stars of night
In northern ways.

It breaks and quivers there,
Abates, then streams in air
In giant rays.

Around my lonely way
Strange shadows seem to play,
Faint hovering

O'er every bush and stone
Where Northern Lights have thrown
Their covering.

Oh, electricity,
Mysterious energy
Of heaven begot,

NORTHERN LIGHTS

Through earth and air to slip
With message on thy lip
Is oft thy lot.

When riding on the storm
In dread and blinding form
We know thy might.

And now how beautiful,
Attendants dutiful,
Thy rays of light!

The simple men of yore
Without our spacious lore,
Time's painful hoard,

When Northern Lights shone strong
Reaching with fingers long
Far heavenward,

Bowed low their heads, I know,
And worshipped; even so
Must I tonight.

COMPENSATION

WHEN every glistening blade of grass
And every thirsting flower
Are drinking deep the blessed drops
Left by the passing shower;

When every sorrow bravely borne
And trials of the heart and mind
Bring resignation to His will
And knowledge more refined;

When sore defeat in what we sought
Turns out our lasting gain,
Revealing higher guidance than
The powers of the brain.

MARIE

I

I KNEW her as a winsome maid,
So modest and yet unafraid,
Who took with her where'er she went
Religion of the deed, intent
On heightening joy and lessening pain
For toiling hands and wearied brain,
With play of wit at the gay heart's call
Like sunbeams in a waterfall.

II

The bud has opened into flower.
She meets the duty of the hour
In sweet content, with placid brow,
A matron and young mother now;
Though still her soul reflects the moods
Of the changing sky where beauty broods.
The love of truth her boy to teach
And only by example preach

MARIE

Those busy hands are seldom still,
Responsive to a quiet will
That never frets and hurries not;
And yet no household care's forgot.

III

And when that lovely head is grey
And joys of youth are laid away
Her heart, I know, will still be glad,
For no heart ever lingered sad
That purpose such as hers enclosed:
The purpose fixed to find the rose
Instead of bramble-bush and thorn—
In such eternal peace is born.

*FOLLOW THE FLAG

BY every fireside where live the love of country and the love of justice is heard a sigh of relief that our flag is not, after all, to be trampled in the mire. Now that it has been raised aloft, follow it. Follow it even to the battle front.

It goes on a HIGH mission. The land over which it flies inherited its love of freedom from a race that had practiced liberty for a thousand years. And the daughter paid back the debt to the mother. Her successful practice of free institutions caused the civic stature of the citizen in the mother-land to grow. It lit the torch of liberty in France. Then, moving abreast, these three lands of democracy imparted to it impetus so resistless that freedom is sweeping victorious round the globe. Today constitutional

* Prose-poem on America's entry in the Great War April 6, 1917. Published in *The Independent*, April 21, 1917.

FOLLOW THE FLAG

government is the rule, not the exception, in the world. Once more these three nations are together leading a great cause and this time as brothers in arms.

Follow the flag. It goes on a WORLD mission. If the high hope of our President is fulfilled, that flag will have new meaning. Just as the stars and stripes in it originally symbolized the union of free States in America, so now they may come to symbolize the beginnings of a union of nations, self-governing, and, because they are self-governing, making for good-will and justice.

Follow the flag. It goes on a STERN mission. Follow it, not for revenge, yet in anger—righteous anger toward the bloody crew who, with criminal intent, have brought upon the world the greatest sum of human misery it has ever known in all its history. Follow it until that ugly company is put down and the very people themselves whom they so grievously deceived and misled, by coming into liberty, will come to bless that flag and kiss its gleaming folds.

Follow the flag. Too long it has been absent from that line in France where once

FOLLOW THE FLAG

again an Attila has been stopped. It has been needed there, God knows! And yet, though not visible to the eye, it is and has been there from the beginning. It is there in the hearts of those fifty thousand American boys who saw their duty clear and moved up to it. Now at length it may be flung to the breeze in the front line, to be visible by day and to remain at nightfall, like the blessings of a prayer fulfilled, in the consciousness of men. Follow it and take your stand beside the fifty thousand.

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